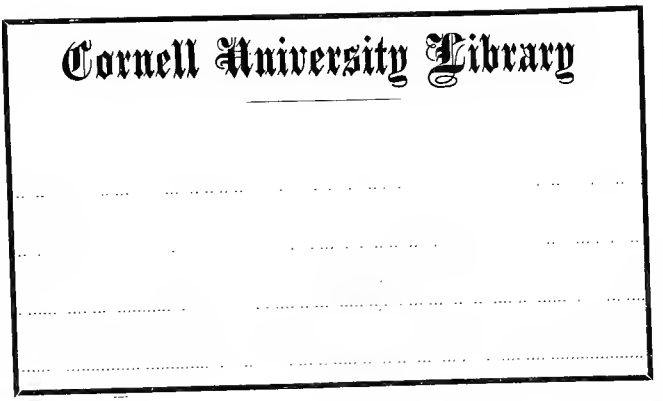

THE

PASSIONATE PILGRIM

(BY

SHAKSPERE, MARLOWE, BARNFIELD, GRIFFIN,

AND OTHER WRITERS UNKNOWN).

THE FIRST QUARTO,

1599,

A FACSIMILE IN PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY

BY

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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

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CONTENTS.

INTRODUCTION.

The Passionate Pilgrim was first published in the tiny Quarto 1599 reproduced in the present volume. Elizabethan lovers of song must have associated Shakspere's poems with the White Greyhound in Paul's Churchyard, for at the house bearing that sign, *Venus and Adonis* in 1593, and *Lucrece* in 1594, made their appearance; now, six years after its original publication, the demand for Shakspere's earliest poem continued brisk, so that Leake, the owner of the Greyhound, deemed it necessary to issue the *Venus* in a new edition—that edition of which two copies, and no more, remain; one of these drawn from a recess of Time's wallet in the autumn of 1867, by Mr. Charles Edmonds, when examining certain old books at Lamport Hall, Nottinghamshire, and reprinted under his editorship in 1870. Any one with a fancy for writing a very Imaginary Conversation, yet with an undoubted foundation in fact, may choose this year 1599 for the time, and the Greyhound for the scene. Enter Master W. Jaggard,[1] a visibly piratical person, with hat plucked over his brows, who draws Leake mysteriously aside, and informs him that he, Jaggard, has come by certain of those "sugared sonnets" of Shakspere, lately mentioned by Meres as existing among the writer's "private friends." Will Leake put his name upon the title-page and sell the pamphlet at the Greyhound, whither young amorists come to exchange their sixpences for passions in verse? A few pieces on the subject of Venus and Adonis may well pass for Shakspere's, if indeed some of them are not really his; other scraps may be added from various quarters, and the name of the mellifluous and honey-tongued poet may be inscribed upon the title-page. Here the writer of our imagined Imaginary Conversation will do well to represent Leake as alarmed lest such a freedom may kindle the indignation of Master Shakspere; whereupon Jaggard must protest that Will is a gentle spirit, and cite the words of one who had formerly given Shakspere cause of offence, yet found his demeanour "no less civill, than he exelent in the qualitie he professes." Leake now looks into the manuscript, and finds it too scanty to make a Quarto capable of beguiling even the most moon-struck and muse-loving fantastico into the expenditure of a doit.

[1] Not to be confounded—as he has been—with Isaac Jaggard, one of the printers of the First Folio.

But Jaggard has thought of a novelty which must prove attractive—let us print on only one side of the page; this will double the bulk of the pamphlet.[1] And now for a title, which must be pretty, but need not be very pertinent. "The Passionate Lover," suggests Leake; but Jaggard will not have it. "Passionate" is good; did not Meres include Shakspere among those "who are most passionate to bewaile and bemoane the perplexities of Love"; certainly "passionate" is good; but see the titles of previous collections—"Paradyse of *D*aynty *D*evises," "*A*rbour of *A*morous Devises," "*G*orgeous *G*allery of *G*allant Inventions,"—they do all something affect the letter; therefore a second *P* there must be. What is this in one of the sugared sonnets about a Saint and an angel? "I have found it," cries Jaggard, "our Lover shall go to his Saint in cockle hat and palmer's weed; and our book of poems shall be named *The Passionate Pilgrime.*"

I must beg pardon of the reader, who expects to find in this Introduction facts and not fancies, for my little excursion into the region of romance; but in dealing with this waif of literature we are forced into conjecture; perhaps the above scene is not so very remote from the reality, and even those grave mistresses of man's intellect, the Sciences, can tolerate, we are told, an hypothesis which serves for the "colligation of facts." This hypothesis is unverified, but I protest that it is not the fault of the hypothesis, which is quite willing to be verified, if any one will be obliging enough to do that kind service for it.

It is at least certain that the Pilgrim-lover or Palmer-lover was a well-known person to the literature of the time of Elizabeth. Romeo meets Juliet in palmer's weeds, and there is pretty dialogue at Capulet's old-accustomed feast between the 'pilgrim' and his 'saint.' Greene's *Never too Late* (1590) opens with the description in verse of a passionate pilgrim:

> "Downe the valley gan he tracke,
> Bag and bottle at his backe,
> In a surcoate all of gray,
> Such weare Palmers on the way;
> * * * * *
> Such a Palmer nere was seene,
> Lesse love himselfe had Palmer been."

He goes sighing and weeping; yet sighs and tears end in such a strange delight,

> "That his passions did approve,
> Weedes and sorrow were for love."[2]

[1] The last three leaves are printed on both sides. The peculiarity of being printed on only one side "we do not recollect," says Mr Collier, "to belong to any other work of the time."

[2] See p. 19 of Grosart's *Greene*, vol. viii.—"But I, desirous to search further into this *passionate Palmer*," &c.

At some date between 1599 and 1612 a second edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim* probably appeared, for when Jaggard reprinted the poems in the latter year he called that edition of 1612 the third. The title at first ran as follows: THE | PASSIONATE | PILGRIME | or | *Certaine Amorous Sonnets* | *betweene* Venus *and* Adonis | *newly corrected and aug-* | mented | *By W. Shakespere* | The third Edition. | Whereunto is newly ad | ded two Love-Epistles, the first | from *Paris* to *Hellen*, and | *Hellens* answere backe | againe to *Paris* | Printed by W. Jaggard. | 1612 |. Any curiosity about the poems of Shakspere addressed to Mr W. H. and to the dark-eyed woman had been allayed by their publication in 1609, and indeed at that date the interest taken in them seems to have been small, for no second edition was called for. Jaggard now thought it best to give prominence on his title-page to the Venus and Adonis sonnets, and, again at his old tricks, in order to augment his volume, he purloined two poems by Thomas Heywood; and without expressly stating that they were written by Shakspere, he contrived to lead the unwary purchaser to an erroneous inference as to their authorship. Perhaps the fact that Heywood had written a *Rape of Lucrece*, of which editions had appeared in 1608 and 1609, suggested him as a fit and proper person to be pilfered for a Shaksperian volume. Heywood was justly incensed, and took occasion to express his opinion as to Jaggard's piracy in an epistle to the printer, Nicholas Okes, appended to *An Apology for Actors* which appeared in the same year with the third edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim*. "Here likewise [Heywood writes] I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done me in that worke [*i. e.* 'my booke of *Britaines Troy*'] by taking the two Epistles of *Paris* to *Helen*, and *Helen* to *Paris*, and printing them in a lesse volume, under the name of another [*i. e.* the name of Shakspere], which may put the world in an opinion I might steale them from him, and hee to doe himselfe right, hath since published them in his owne name: [Heywood means, that the world might think that in *The Passionate Pilgrim* of 1612, Shakspere was reclaiming property stolen from him by Heywood in his *Britaines Troy*] but as I must acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage [*i. e.* Shakspere's patronage] under whom he [*i. e.* Jaggard] hath published them, so the Author [*i. e.* Shakspere] I know much offended with M. Jaggard that (altogether unknowne to him) presumed to make so bold with his name."[1] Friendly Shakspere, as Anthony Scoloker called him, made common cause with his brother dramatist, or at least was complaisant enough to appear duly offended by Master Jaggard's

[1] Shakespeare's *Centurie of Prayse*. By C. M. Ingleby, 2nd ed. revised, with many additions by Lucy Toulmin Smith, &c. (New Shak. Soc. 1879), p. 99.

freedom; and we must suppose that it was in consequence of complaints made that Jaggard cancelled the title-page bearing Shakspere's name, and printed a new title-page from which that name is omitted.

In 1600, the year after the publication of the first edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, appeared that delightful miscellany *Englands Helicon*, edited by J. Bodenham. It seems very unlikely that Bodenham could have been unacquainted with *The Passionate Pilgrim*. But when printing for his collection several of the pieces given in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, Bodenham does not accept Jaggard's statement as to Shakspere's authorship. In *Englands Helicon* one of *The Passionate Pilgrim* poems is subscribed—and rightly—with Marlowe's name; others have the signature "Ignoto"; and only one—the lines from *Love's Labour's Lost* beginning "On a day, alack the day," has the name of Shakspere attached to it.

Let us now look into the contents of Jaggard's Quarto of 1599. It contains twenty poems, which some editors (Collier, Staunton, Delius, among recent editors) have made twenty-two by taking XIV. as two poems, and dividing the last piece into two, the second beginning with the line—

"Whilst as fickle Fortune smilde."

Of these twenty pieces only five are certainly by Shakspere (I, II, III, V, XVI); and of the five only two (I, II) appear in *The Passionate Pilgrim* for the first time. Of the fifteen remaining pieces the authorship of four is known (VIII. by Barnfield; XI. by Griffin; XIX. by Marlowe and Raleigh; XX. by Barnfield). Eleven remain of unknown authorship; of these one (XVII.) had previously appeared in print; one (XVIII.) exists in manuscript in a poetical Miscellany compiled, Mr Halliwell-Phillipps believes, "some years before the appearance of *The Passionate Pilgrim;*" one (XII.) is "the earliest known version of a popular ditty frequently noticed by writers of the seventeenth century" (Halliwell-Phillipps); the remaining eight poems are found only in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, or at least are known in no other *printed* book of early date.

I. Jaggard puts his best foot foremost—a poem of Shakspere's, and previously unpublished. This, with various readings, is sonnet CXXXVIII. of Shakspere's *Sonnets* (1609). There it is evidently linked with the preceding sonnet CXXXVII., which speaks of the frauds practised by lovers' eyes and heart upon themselves—the eyes finding beauty where they see that beauty is not to be found, the heart discovering truth and constancy where it knows that these do not exist. The same thought is carried on and given a new turn and development in the present sonnet. Line 4 stands in *The Passionate Pilgrim*—

"Unskilfull in the worlds false forgeries."

In *Sonnets*, 1609,—

"Unlearned in the worlds false subtilties."

This looks to me like an amended version by the writer; "unskilful in forgeries" might suggest that the youth was not a practised hand at manufacturing deceptions; to avoid this suggestion and bring out clearly that the youth was not practised in detecting frauds, Shakspere may have altered the text to "unlearned in subtilties." As to the sixth line I am inclined to believe that the earlier and later readings are both those of the author of the sonnet. It is one of those cases not infrequent with writers of the sonnet, where the poet has been met by a slight difficulty, and has not taken the pains to master it completely—neither version is an entire success. The earlier runs—

"Thus vainly thinking that she thinkes me young,
Although I know my yeares be past the best."

The later,—

"Although she knowes my dayes are past the best."

But the logic of the sonnet requires something of both versions—"Although *I know she knows* my years are past the best." The line "Outfacing faults in love with love's ill rest," seems to me Shaksperian, even in the character of its obscurity.[1] "Ill rest," I suppose, means "uneasy sleep"—the half-conscious slumber of one who had tried to lull himself with an anodyne only partially effectual. The last six lines of the sonnet as given in *The Passionate Pilgrim* confuse the idea of the piece by bringing in a new motive. "My love" here not only asserts her truth when she is really false, but also asserts her youth (her youth being past); evidently the balance of the composition (as well as the courtesy of a sonneteer) requires that there should be one lie on each side, and that the lady's lie should be an assertion of fidelity, the man's lie an implied assertion of his youth. And so it was worked out in the version of 1609. It is very unusual with Shakspere to use the same words as rimes in two neighbouring quatrains of a sonnet, as here 'young' and 'tongue.' (See, however, Sonnets XXIV. and XLVI. of 1609.) This fault was also removed in the later version. On the subject of Shakspere's "years being past the best," when at oldest (in 1599) he cannot have been more than thirty-five, I have elsewhere said: "Shakspere speaks as a lover, contrasting himself skilled in the lore of life with an inexperienced youth. Doubtless at thirty-five he was not a Florizel or a Ferdinand."

[1] In Schmidt's *Lexicon* this line is quoted under the word *Rest* = *remainder*, "passage not understood" prefixed to the quotation.

II. Previously unpublished. This is the very remarkable sonnet CXLIV. of *The Sonnets*, 1609. It shows that by the year 1599, the crisis in the history of Shakspere's friendship with the unknown 'Will' had occurred. The variations of text in this sonnet are slight. *The Passionate Pilgrim* version supplies one correction of the text of 1609—*side* (riming with *pride*) instead of *sight*. The other variances may be due to the author—the 'faire pride' of the earlier text has a touch of happy audacity which is toned down in the tamer 'foul pride' of the later version. The change in line 11 "But being both from me" (1609), "For being both to me" (1599) seems to be an instance of successful afterthought—'to me' making excellent sense, but 'from me' enriching the line with the new idea of absence. The imagery of this sonnet resembles that of the 20th of Drayton's *Idea*, first printed in his *Poems*, 1605, sig. Bb. 6 :—

> "An euill spirit your beautie haunts me still,
> . . . . . .
> Which ceaseth not to tempt me vnto ill,
> . . . . . .
> Thus am I still prouokde to euery euill,
> By this good wicked spirit, sweete Angell diuell."—ll. 1-14.

III. This is Longaville's sonnet to Maria in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. sc. iii. 58-71. The play had been printed in 1598, and the variations in *The Passionate Pilgrim* version may be the errors of a hasty transcriber. 'Breake' in l. 14 is certainly wrong. "To loose [*i. e.* lose] an oath to win a Paradise" (1598) is of course right, for the point of the line consists in the wisdom of losing the less to win the greater. Taken out of its dramatic environment this sonnet has little interest; in the play it is immediately followed by the words of Berowne (himself as ardent a lover as Longaville, but after a manlier fashion):

> "This is the lyuer-veine, which makes flefh a deitie,
> A green goofe, a goddeffe! pure, pure ydolatrie!
> God amende vs, God amende! we are much out o' th' way."

IV. Author unknown. Malone (Supplement to Shakspeare's Plays, 1780, vol. i. p. 710) writes: "Several of these sonnets seem to have been essays of the author [*i. e.* Shakspere] when he first conceived the idea of writing a poem on the subject of Venus and Adonis, and before the scheme of his poem was adjusted." I think there can be little doubt that IV., VI., and (I add more doubtfully) IX. come from the same hand. Nothing in any one of the three sonnets forbids the idea of Shakspere's authorship; rather, it seems to me, they have a Shaksperian air about them. At the same time there is nothing which decisively proves them to be by Shakspere. It is worth noting that 'Venus' is named

'Cytherea' in IV. and VI.; in IX. she is 'the Queen of Love'; in XI., also a sonnet on the Venus and Adonis theme, she is no longer Cytherea, but Venus, and this last sonnet we know to be by Bartholomew Griffin. In *Venus and Adonis* the name Cytherea does not once occur, nor is the landscape of that poem the same landscape that we find in these sonnets, IV. and VI.; we do not find in *Venus and Adonis* the brook (IV. and VI.) and the osier growing by the brook (IX.). The 'brakes' of IX., however, appear in *Venus and Adonis*, l. 913. It is remarkable that in one passage of a play partly written by Shakspere, we find Adonis, Cytherea, and the brook of these *Passionate Pilgrim* sonnets (IV., VI.). In the second scene of the Introduction to *The Taming of the Shrew* the servants offer delights to the senses of the bewildered tinker turned lord:

> "Doſt thou loue pictures? we wil fetch thee ſtraight
> *Adonis* painted by a running brooke,
> And *Citherea* all in ſedges hid,
> Which ſeeme to move and wanton with her breath,
> Euen as the wauing ſedges play with winde."

There are no lines corresponding to these in the old *Taming of a Shrew*, and if the revision of the Induction was made by Shakspere, as is believed by the best judges, we have some slight ground for a presumption that he also was the writer of IV., VI. (with which perhaps goes IX.) of *The Passionate Pilgrim*. There is that likeness with unlikeness between the *Shrew* and the *Pilgrim* which sometimes occurs when a writer touches twice, but under different circumstances, the same theme. Before dismissing IV. we may note that Mr Collier proposes in l. 10 "sugared proffer" for "figured proffer," but 'figured' is doubtless right in the sense of "indicated by signs and shows." In l. 5 '*eares*' is a printer's error, the rime requiring *ear*.

V. This is Berowne's six-measure sonnet to Rosalin in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. sc. ii. ll. 96-109. The variations of text are probably due to a hasty transcriber. In every instance the text of the play is the better, and l. 13 is so corrupted in *The Passionate Pilgrim* version as to become unintelligible.

VI. See what has been said of IV. This sonnet has been translated into Latin by Vincent Bourne. If IV., VI., and IX. belong to one and the same group of sonnets, the order, it seems, must be VI. Noon of the first day; Cytherea waiting beside the brook for the arrival of Adonis; and the escape of Adonis by plunging into the water. IV. Cytherea caressing Adonis beside the brook. IX. The following morning, Cytherea meeting Adonis as he goes to the boar-hunt. Thus the treatment of the subject as regards time precisely corresponds with that of Shakspere's *Venus*

and Adonis, which includes two days, from noon of the first day until the death of Adonis on the following morning. In *Ovid*, Venus, having told the tale of Atalanta while reclining with Adonis under the shade of a poplar, harnesses her swans, and is flying to Cyprus, when the groans of Adonis summon her again to earth. Neither the writer of the sonnets in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, nor Shakspere in his narrative poem, follows Ovid's treatment of the theme.

VII. "Found only in *The Passionate Pilgrim*" (Halliwell-Phillips). I dare not venture to say that this is not Shakspere's, but I see nothing characteristically Shaksperian in it. Mr Furnivall (Introduction to *Leopold Shakspere*) compares it with I. of *Passionate Pilgrim*, i. e. CXXXVIII. of *Sonnets*, and the theme—a faithless woman's professions of love—has much in common with the sonnet, but the description of the "lily pale with damask die" can hardly be made to apply to Shakspere's dark mistress. The double rimes seem to me to be preserved throughout; hence in the second stanza I think the Globe Shakspere wrong in printing *join'd* and *coin'd*, which ought to be *joinëd* and *coinëd*, with the *ed* pronounced.

VIII. By Richard Barnfield. This sonnet appeared as the first piece in Barnfield's *Poems: in Diuers humors*, a group of poems published with a separate title-page in the volume bearing on its first title-page the following, "*The Encomion of Lady Pecunia: or The Praise of Money* . . . By Richard Barnfeild, Graduate in Oxford." The volume was printed for John Jaggard, and was sold at his shop, 1598. The claims of Barnfield to this sonnet and to XX. of *Passionate Pilgrim*, "As it fell upon a day," have been discussed by Dr Grosart, Mr Charles Edmonds, and Professor Arber. From Prof. Arber's Introduction to his edition of Barnfield's Poems (1882) I copy what follows:

1. "That Barnfield was not the man to steal any one else's poems is evident from the following modest disclaimer of works which had wrongly been attributed to him. 'Howsoeuer undeseruedly (I protest) I haue beene thought (of some) to haue beene the authour of two Books heretofore. I neede not to name them, because they are too-well knowne already: nor will I deny them, because they are dislik't; but because they are not mine. This protestation (I hope) will satisfie th' indifferent.'

2. Barnfield, on the other hand, thus distinctly claims these pieces ['If Musicke,' &c., and 'As it fell,' &c.] with the others, in *Poems in diuers humors.*

'I write these Lines; fruits of vnriper yeares.'

. . . . . .

4. The lines

'Spenser to mee; whose deepe Conceit is such,
As passing all Conceit, needs no defence.'

are evidently Barnfield's, for he thus repeats the expression in *A Remembrance of some English Poets* (including Shakespeare himself) on the opposite page [*i. e.* of

Poems in diuers humors] : which *Remembrance* has never been attributed to any one else but him,

> 'Liue Spenser euer, in thy *Fairy Queene:*
> Whose like (for deepe Conceit) was neuer seene.'

expressions which perfectly accord with the poetical position of Barnfield, who was one of the first professed imitators of Spenser.

5. *If Musique*, &c. is the first of two sonnets: for the authorship of the second of which, we have the express testimony of his friend Meres, that it was written by Barnfield [see p. xiii of Mr Arber's *Introduction*].

6. If Barnfield wrote the sonnet, he wrote the ode ['As it fell,' &c.] ; for the poems, in this connection, are inseparable. They were either both written by him or by Shakespeare."

I may add that it would be wholly exceptional to find Shakspere mentioning by name, in his verse, any of his contemporaries.

Mr Collier at first accepted the theory of Barnfield's authorship of these poems, and afterwards rejected it on the ground that in the 1605 edition of Barnfield's poems these pieces do not appear, Barnfield, he supposes, having been too honest to retain what was not his own. But the edition of 1605 omits other poems of the 1598 edition beside these two ; and of the poems omitted, one, *An Epitaph upon the death of his Aunt, Mistresse Elizabeth Skrymsher*, is unquestionably by Barnfield. The omissions, indeed, are seen, on inspecting the make-up of the volume, to have been "purely a publisher's convenience, probably dictated by the price of the book." Dr. Grosart's and Mr Arber's reply to Mr. Collier completely removes the apparent force of his argument. William Jaggard probably happened to be acquainted with the volume of verse printed for John Jaggard in 1598 ; and let us, out of pure benevolence, give him the credit of supposing that he asked John's permission to 'convey' two pieces for his little volume of 1599. Barnfield's friend "Maister R. L.," to whom he addresses the sonnet, is possibly Robert Linch or Lynch, the author of *Diella. Certaine Sonnets*, &c., 1596, 12 mo., "by R. L. Gentleman." Dowland (l. 5) was the celebrated lutenist to Queen Elizabeth and King James, and afterwards to Christian the Fourth of Denmark.

IX. Author unknown. "Found only in *The Passionate Pilgrim*" (Halliwell-Phillipps). See what has been said of IV. and VI. Malone noticed that the second line of the sonnet has been accidentally omitted.

X. Author unknown. "Found only in *The Passionate Pilgrim*" (Halliwell-Phillipps). "This seems to have been intended," writes Malone, "for a dirge to be sung by Venus on the death of Adonis." To which Boswell replies : "Unless the poet had completely altered the whole subject of his poem on Venus and Adonis, which is principally occupied by the entreaties of the goddess to the insensible swain, how could she be represented as saying, 'I craved nothing

of thee still.' The greatest part of it is employed in describing her craving." The image of the falling plum occurs in another connexion in *Venus and Adonis*, l. 527. I am not disposed to accept Malone's suggestion. The hunter-boy, Adonis, had no 'discontent' to leave. Testamentary language appears several times in Shakspere, according to our notions, curiously out of place, but few expressions could be odder than the words of this poem if addressed by Venus to Adonis:

> "I weep for thee, and yet no cause I have;
> For why? Thou left'st me nothing in thy will."

The intrusion of the cynical touch that none but legatees should weep, though introduced only to be effaced, comes ill from Venus. I think the lines read with most point if we regard them as an elegy for a melancholy youth or maiden lately dead. And it seems quite possible that they may have been written by Shakspere.

XI. By Bartholomew Griffin—the third sonnet in *Fidessa*, a series of sixty-two sonnets by Griffin, 1596. Dr. Grosart, in the Introduction to his edition of *Fidessa* (fifty copies, 1876), arguing for Griffin's authorship of this sonnet, notes (1) that *Fidessa* was printed three years before *The Passionate Pilgrim*; (2) that Griffin speaks of this gathering of sonnets as "the first fruit of any of my writings," thus declaring the poems to be his own; (3) *The Passionate Pilgrim* was never acknowledged by Shakspere, and contains poems by Barnfield and Marlowe. The closing couplet shows, I may add, that the sonnet does not really belong to a *Venus and Adonis* series, but to one of the numerous Elizabethan sonnet-sequences which tell the lover's longings for a mistress like Fidessa, "more chaste than kind." Some German critic may prove for us that the author of XI. is not the author of IV. and VI., one being the Venus poet, the other the Cytherea poet. The internal evidence points strongly to Griffin as author of this sonnet. We all feel at the present day that characteristics of riming distinguish the works of different poets in a very marked manner. We could tell a sonnet by Rossetti or one of his imitators by the rimes alone. We could say this poem is by Mr Swinburne, or Mr Browning, or Mr Tennyson, if we only heard the riming words. Now Griffin has a particular fondness for such double rimes as appear in this sonnet—'by her' 'trie her', 'wooe him' 'to him', 'embrac't me' 'unlac't me', Thus in Sonnet VIII. of *Fidessa* we find 'plaine me' 'paine me', 'crosse me' 'tosse me'; in other sonnets 'by me' 'trie me', 'entertaine them' 'slaine them', 'beare it' 'heare it', 'behold it' 'unfold it', 'delight me' 'acquite me' 'chase thee' 'disgrace me', 'choke me' 'provoke me', 'ayde me' 'upbrayd me', 'containes me' 'paines me', with several others; while in Sonnet XXIX. we

have 'retaine you', 'paine you' 'gaine you', 'complaine you' 'gaine you', 'shut you' 'put you'. But with Shakspere, this manner of riming is rare. In *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* it is less infrequent than in the *Sonnets* (where it may be seen in Sonnets XXVI., XLII., and CXI.). With rare exceptions, Shakspere allows the full rime to fall on such monosyllables as 'thee', 'me', 'you', 'it'. It seems not improbable that Griffin wrote this poem with a recollection of passages in Shakspere's *Venus and Adonis*. There the enamoured Queen tells how she has subdued "the direful god of war" (it is somewhat curious that the name *Mars* does not once occur in *Venus and Adonis*), and uses his example as an ardent wooer to incite the boy to passion. As to the textual variations, l. 1 is evidently right in *Fidessa*,[1] and a syllable too short in *Passionate Pilgrim;* so again with l. 4. In l. 5 *wanton* is doubtless right (as in *Fidessa*), *warlike* being used in l. 7, and a different epithet being desirable in l. 5. But how are we to account for the variances in ll. 9—12? Dr Grosart suggests that Griffin's text was altered so as to copy more closely Shakspere in his *Venus and Adonis*—"to be explained by Jaggard's wish to pass off his Miscellany as by Shakespeare." I can believe that both versions are due to Griffin (Jaggard's text being derived, perhaps, from a manuscript source, and not from the printed *Fidessa*), and that this is a case of hesitation between two treatments of a sonnet-close, the writer being doubtful whether the turn in the thought should take place at the ninth or at the eleventh line. Dyce emends, probably rightly, l. 11, "*But* as she fetched breath." Mr Halliwell-Phillipps mentions that this sonnet "occurs with No. 4 (*i. e.* of the *P. P.*), in a manuscript, written about the year 1625, preserved in Warwick Castle; the latter poem being there given as the Second Part of the one in *Fidessa*."

XII. "This," writes Mr Halliwell-Phillipps, "is the earliest known version of a popular ditty frequently noticed by writers of the seventeenth century." Is the supposed speaker a young shepherdess?

> "Oh sweet shepheard hie thee:
> For me thinks thou staies too long."

Mr Halliwell-Phillipps writes: "Few persons would dream of assigning it to the pen of Shakespeare." I confess that my feeling is less decided than this: there is nothing either to prove or disprove Shakspere's authorship, but if any one choose to side strongly with Mr Halliwell-Phillipps, I have nothing to reply. "The poem," writes Mr Collier, "is in Deloney's *Garland of Good Will*, and we know that that collection was made before 1596; but it may be doubted in what edition *Crabbed Age and Youth* first appeared; no very ancient copy of Deloney's *Garland* has reached our day, and

[1] Griffin's *Fidessa* Sonnet III, No. XI, *Passionate Pilgrim*. See p. xx below.

the pieces seem to have been sometimes varied as the impressions were published. In all the known copies of *The Garland of Good Will* it has several additional stanzas."

XIII. Found only in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. I do not venture any guess as to the author. "A copy of this poem, said to be printed from an ancient MS. and published in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xxix. p. 39, reads—

'As faded gloss no rubbing will *excite*:'

and in the corresponding line:

'As broken glass no cement can unite.'"—MALONE.

XIV. (generally XIV., XV.) Found only in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. Mr Furnivall writes on the first two stanzas: "not Shakspere's, I think." My own thought—arrived at independently—agrees with Mr Furnivall's, and extends to the whole poem. The traditional treatment of this poem is to make the last three stanzas a separate piece from the first two; but I have no doubt that the whole five stanzas form a single piece. (Similarly some editors have divided XX. into two separate poems.) The subject of the entire poem is the solitary lover's weary night of waiting until the morning dawn, when he is to come to his beloved. Observe stanza 1—

"Farewell (quoth she) and come againe to-morrow."

And compare stanza 4—

"For why, she sight [sigh'd] and bad me come to-morrow."

The only objection, it seems to me, that can be advanced against my view is, that in the 3rd and 4th stanzas the fifth line of each is six-measure, but this is not the case in the 6th stanza; so the argument would prove too much, and break the last three stanzas into two separate poems, which is impossible. As with the *Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Musicke*, so here in the first part of the book the longest piece is kept for the last. It is worth noting that the only occurrence of the printing of the first word of a page at the foot of the preceding page is here—"Lord" at the foot of p. 15. A new sheet begins on the next page, which probably explains the presence of this "Lord." In the last stanza *houre* is a natural error of printer or transcriber; the rime evidently requires *moon* (in the sense of *month*). The last couplet with its "good day" seems to me to refer to the first couplet (*i. e.* of XIV.), with its so-called "good night," which was not "good."

Thus far I had written before it occurred to me to look how this XIV., generally made XIV.–XV., is dealt with in the 1640 edition of Shakspere's *Poems*. I find the five stanzas are printed

as a single poem, with the title *Loth to Depart*. So in several editions of the 18th century. But Malone in his *Supplement*, 1780, has the division adopted by modern editors.

Here is inserted a new title-page,[1] which belongs to the remainder of the volume, *Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Musicke*. "Hence," writes Mr Collier, "we may infer that all the productions inserted after this division had been set by popular composers; that some of them had received this distinction evidence has descended to our day; and we refer particularly to the lyric, 'My flocks feed not,' and to the well-known lines, 'Live with me and be my love,' the air of which seems to have been so common that it was employed by Deloney as a ballad-tune: see his *Strange Histories*, 1607, p. 28 of the reprint by the Percy Society." "Mr Oldys says in one of his MSS., that '[these poems] were set [to music] by John and Thomas Morley.'"[2]—MALONE.

XV. "Found only in *The Passionate Pilgrim*" (Halliwell-Phillipps). "Of course not Shakspere's" (Furnivall), to which opinion, previously expressed by Steevens, I subscribe. W. Sidney Walker on the words "That liked of her maister," queries "'*a* master'—a scholar by profession, a master of arts; if the word, *ita nude positum*, was ever used in this sense." But the query is needless, for the word *master* here means *teacher* or *tutor*, and doubtless the lording's daughter had such a master as Bianca, in the *Shrew*, found in *Lucentio* or *Hortensio*:

> *Luc.* Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?
> *Bian.* What, *master*, read you? first resolve me that.
> *Luc.* I read that I profess, the Art to Love.

XVI. By Shakspere. Appears with two additional lines in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act IV. sc. iii. ll. 99—118 (Old-Spelling ed.) Dumain's lines to "most divine Kate." The two additional lines (also absent from the reprint of this piece in *Englands Helicon*, 1600[3])

> "Do not call it sinne in me,
> That I am forsworne for thee"

follow the line

> "Youth so apt to pluck a sweet."

The text of *The Passionate Pilgrim* is better than that of the 1598 quarto of *Love's Labour's Lost—gan*, l. 6, found also in *England's Helicon*, is better than *can; wisht*, l. 8, is certainly right, and *wish*

[1] "A dateless title-page," says Mr Collier; but the date is given, 1599. Probably the copy consulted by Mr Collier was close-cropped.

[2] Malone's words are not meant by him to apply to "Come live with me."

[3] It is there called *The Passionate Shepheard's Song*, and has Shakspere's name affixed to it.

is wrong. The word *throne*, in l. 12, is evidently a misprint; it is found also in the quarto of 1598 and in the folio of 1623, but *England's Helicon* reads *thorn*. In l. 7 *England's Helicon*, in which the pastoral strain is strong, alters *lover* to *shepheard* in accordance with its title in that Miscellany.

XVII. "There is a somewhat brief version of this song in the collection of Madrigals, &c. of Thomas Weelkes, 1597, this person being the composer of the music, but not necessarily the author of the words. A copy of it, as it appeared in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, also occurs in *England's Helicon*, 1600, entitled *The Unknown Sheepheard's Complaint*, and there subscribed *Ignoto*, so that it is clear that Bodenham was unacquainted with the name of its author. There is an early version of the song in MS. Harl. 6910" (Halliwell-Phillipps). "Clearly not Shakspere's" (Furnivall), to which I assent. In l. 4 the Cambridge editors give "renying" as the reading of *P. P.*, 1599. In the copy here facsimiled it is clearly "nenying" (a misprint).

XVIII. Found printed only in *The Passionate Pilgrim*. Mr Halliwell-Phillipps writes: "A very early manuscript copy of this poem, with many variations, is preserved in a poetical Miscellany compiled, there is reason to believe, some years before the appearance of *The Passionate Pilgrim*." In his Folio Shakespeare, Mr Halliwell-Phillipps gives a facsimile of this MS. copy. Note that the stanzas of the *P. P.* poem succeed one another in the Manuscript in the following order: 1, 2, 5, 6, 3, 4, 8, 7, 9. Of this poem Mr Furnivall writes: "No. 19, I doubt: that 'to sin and never for to saint,' and the whole of the poem are by some strong man of the Shakspere breed." An interesting parallel piece in the same metre occurs in that curious poem, *Willobie his Auisa*, 1594. In commendatory verses prefixed to *Willobie his Auisa*, it will be remembered, occurs the earliest mention by name of Shakspere ("and Shake-speare paints poore Lucrece rape"). Canto XLIV. is introduced with a passage of prose, in which it is related that H. W. (Henry Willobie), pining with love for Avisa, fair and chaste, bewrays his disease to his friend W. S., who was newly recovered of the like infection. W. S. encourages his friend in a passion which he knows must be hopeless, intending to view this 'loving Comedy' from far off, in order to learn 'whether it would sort to a happier end for this new actor than it did for the old player.' It has been suggested that W. S. is William Shakspere, and having noticed the resemblance between some of the stanzas of counsel to the lover, which are put into the mouth of W. S. and our *Passionate Pilgrim* poem, Dr Grosart conjectures that Shakspere may have sent his friend (whoever that friend may have been) this poem (No. 19 of *P. P.*), while in *Avisa* we have recollections

of actual conversations between Shakspere and his love-lorn friend (Grosart's ed. of *Willobie his Auisa*, 1880, p. xvi). The following are the stanzas in which W. S. gives his advice to the lover, H. W.:

"Well, say no more: I know thy griefe,
And face from whence these flames aryse,
It is not hard to fynd reliefe,
If thou wilt follow good aduyse:
She is no Saynt, She is no Nonne,
I thinke in tyme she may be wonne.

Ars veteratoria

"At first repulse you must not faint,
Nor flye the field though she deny
You twise or thrise, yet manly bent,
Againe, you must and still, reply:
When tyme permits you not to talke,
Then let your pen and fingers walke.

Munera (crede mihi) placant hominesq; Deosq;

"Apply her still with dyuers thinges
(For giftes the wysest will deceave)
Sometymes with gold, sometymes with ringes,
No tyme nor fit occasion leaue,
Though coy at first she seeme and wielde,
These toyes in tyme will make her yielde.

"Looke what she likes; that must you loue,
And what she hates, you must detest,
Where good or bad, you must approue,
The wordes and workes that please her best:
If she be godly, you must sweare,
That to offend you stand in feare.

Wicked wiles to deceaue witles women.

"You must commend her louing face,
For women joy in beauties praise,
You must admire her sober grace,
Her wisdome and her vertuous wayes,
Say, 'twas her wit and modest shoe,
That made you like and loue her so.

"You must be secret, constant, free,
Your silent sighes and trickling teares,
Let her in secret often see,
Then wring her hand, as one that feares
To speake, then wish she were your wife,
And last desire her save your life.

"When she doth langh, you must be glad,
And watch occasions, tyme and place,
When she doth frowne, you must be sad,
Let sighes and sobbes request her grace:
Sweare that your loue is truly ment,
So she in tyme must needes relent."

If Shakspere were the writer of XVIII. of *P. P.*, and if it were in any way connected with *Willobie his Avisa*, my guess would be that

Shakspere wrote this piece in mockery of the advice put by Willobie (or Dorrell, if that was the author's name) into the mouth of W. S. This sighing and weeping wooer does not seem to Shakspere to go to work in the right way; and in a cynical or quasi-cynical mood he recommends a bolder method: "let us not think to get the better of a woman by guile, but let us deliver our assault roundly, and trust to that traitor within her fortress who longs to open the gates to the enemy." The manuscript copy supplies some valuable corrections. Steevens suggested, and Malone adopted, in l. 4, "partial *tike*." The Cambridge editors and Delius read "partial *wight*."

XIX. By Marlowe: here imperfectly given. "Love's answere" is stated by Walton to have been made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days. In *Englands Helicon*, 1600, "Come live with me" is given to Marlowe; the reply to Ignoto. The first piece is running through Sir Hugh Evans' head in that impatient time of waiting for his adversary, Dr Caius, and it mingles oddly with the valiant Welshman's "chollers and tremplings of mind:" "Mercy on me, I have a great disposition to cry"—and therefore, to keep back the tears, he must needs warble nervously,

"Melodious birds sing madrigals."

Would Marlowe have smiled or have looked indignant had he heard his fine Renaissance pastoral put to such serio-comic uses on the stage? The music to Marlowe's poem is given in Corkine's *Second Book of Ayres*, fol., London, 1612. "As I left this place," writes Walton in *The Compleat Angler*, "and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me; 'twas a handsome milk-maid, that had cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale; her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it; 'twas that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago; and the milk-maid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days. They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good, I think much better than that now in fashion in this critical age." Marlowe himself quotes a line of his song in *The Jew of Malta*, Act iv. It is a grim jest to make the cut-throat Ithamore address the courtezan Bellamira in the words of his own Arcadian lyric, introduced with the comic oath "By Dis above"—

"Thou in those groves, by Dis above,
Shalt live with me and be my love."

Marlowe's example may then have been Shakspere's warrant for the playful introduction of the dead shepherd's pastoral into his most un-Arcadian, and most English of comedies.

Raleigh's reply, as given in *Englands Helicon* and *The Compleat Angler* (1st ed.), has six stanzas; the 2nd edition of *The Angler*

adds a seventh stanza as last but one, answering the added stanza, last but one, of Marlowe's poem as given in that edition. These additions "were probably made by Walton from a contemporary broad-sheet (see *The Roxburghe Collection of Ballads*, i. 205, B. M.)," (J. Hannah in *The Courtly Poets*, 1870, p. 217). Donne and Herrick have written poems in rivalry of Marlowe's "Come live with me."[1]

XX. By Richard Barnfield, from *Poems: in diuers humors.* The poem has the characteristics of Barnfield, and may be compared as regards style with the Ode beginning—

"Nights were short and daies were long."

The thoughts of lines 27—56, suitable enough for a volume in praise of *Lady Pecunia*, have much in common (as Dr Grosart notices) with the stanza in *Lady Pecunia*, beginning—

"What can thy heart desire, but thou mayst have it,
If thou hast ready money to disburse?"

and the three following stanzas. Lines 1—26 appear in *England's Helicon* with the signature Ignoto; two lines, not found in Barnfield, being added as a close:

"Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me."

The poem follows in *England's Helicon*, "My flocks feede not," &c.,

[1] To the one verse of *Loues anfwere*, which *Englands Helicon*, 1600, calls *The Nimphs reply to the Sheepheard*, that volume adds (sign Aa. 2.) the following five verses:

"Time driues the flocks from field to fold,
When Riuers rage, and the Rocks grow cold,
And *Philomell* becommeth dombe,
The reſt complaines of cares to come. Sig. A. a. 2.

"The flowers doe fade, & wanton fieldes,
To wayward winter reckoning yeeldes,
A honny tongue, a hart of gall,
Is fancies ſpring, but ſorrows fall.

"Thy gownes, thy ſhooes, thy beds of Roſes,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy poeſies,
Soone breake, ſoone wither, ſoone forgotten:
In ſollie ripe, in reaſon rotten.

"Thy belt of ſtraw, and Iuie buddes,
Thy Corall claſpes and Amber ſtuddes,
All theſe in mee no meanes can moue,
To come to thee, and be thy loue.

"But could youth laſt, and loue ſtill breede,
Had ioys no date, nor age no neede,
Then theſe delights my minde might moue,
To liue with thee, and be thy loue."—*Ignoto.*

FINIS.

and is entitled *Another of the Same Shepheards.* Many editors, perhaps influenced by the fact that l. 26 comes at the bottom of a page, perhaps by the fact that in *England's Helicon* ll. 27—56 do not appear, and failing, I suppose, to discover any connexion between the nightingale's lament and the later lines of the piece, divide the poem into two—the first consisting of ll. 1—26; the second of ll. 27—56. But the reader of Barnfield's poem, *The Complaint of Poetrie for the death of Liberalite*, will remember how Poetrie sorrowing for Liberality calls on Philomela to cease her complaints:

"Thy woes are light compared vnto mine."

Here the transition from the Nightingale to the poor poet deserted by the faithless flatterers is easy enough for Barnfield, if not for Barnfield's reader. Lines 1—26 indeed require 27—56 as a pendant for the nightingale's griefs—

"so lively showne
Made me thinke vpon mine owne."

But if the poem stops at l. 26 we hear nothing of the singer's griefs. And we know from the rest of the volume what one of his principal griefs was—the want of the lovely Lady Pecunia's grace, and the death of that former friend of poets, Liberality. The editor of *Englands Helicon*, to compensate for the lines which he omitted, added, as I suppose, his brief equivalent in the couplet which closes the poem as printed in his Miscellany.

The Facsimile following is from the original in Trinity College, Cambridge. The Duke of Devonshire's copy wants a few letters.

EDWARD DOWDEN.

Feb. 5, 1883,
Temple Road, Dublin.

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p. xiii. Sonnet III of Griffin's *Fidessa.*

Venus, and yong *Adonis* sitting by her,
Vnder a Myrtle shade began to woe him:
She told the yong-ling how god *Mars* did trie her,
And as he fell to her, so fell she to him.
Euen thus (quoth she) the wanton god embrac'd me,
(And then she clasp'd *Adonis* in her armes)
Euen thus (quoth she) the warlike god vnlac't me,
As if the boy should vse like louing charmes.
But he a wayward boy refusde her offer,
And ran away, the beautious Queene neglecting:
Shewing both folly to abuse her proffer,
And all his sex of cowardise detecting.
Oh that I had my mistris at that bay
To kisse and clippe me till I ranne away!

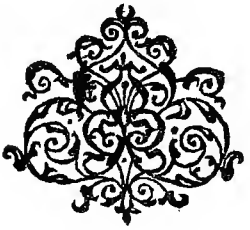
A

CORRECTION, p. xx.

The Duke of Devonshire has NOT a copy of the *Passionate Pilgrim*.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME.

By W. Shakeſpeare.



AT LONDON
Printed for W. Iaggard, and are to be ſold by W. Leake, at the Grey-hound in Paules Churchyard.
1599.

WHen my Loue ſweares that ſhe is made of truth,
I doe beleeue her (though I know ſhe lies)
That ſhe might thinke me ſome vntutor'd youth,
Vnskilfull in the worlds falſe forgeries.
Thus vainly thinking that ſhe thinkes me young,
Although I know my yeares be paſt the beſt:
I ſmiling, credite her falſe ſpeaking toung,
Outfacing faults in Loue, with loues ill reſt.
But wherefore ſayes my Loue that ſhe is young?
And wherefore ſay not I, that I am old?
O, Loues beſt habite is a ſoothing toung,
And Age (in Loue) loues not to haue yeares told.
Therfore Ile lye with Loue, and Loue with me,
Since that our faults in Loue thus ſmother'd be.

Shakspere's Sonnet CXLIV.

TWo Loues I haue, of Comfort, and Deſpaire,
That like two Spirits, do ſuggeſt me ſtill:
My better Angell is a Man (right faire)
My worſer ſpirite a Woman (colour'd ill.)
To winne me ſoone to hell, my Female euill
Tempteth my better Angell from my ſide,
And would corrupt my Saint to be a Diuell,
Wooing his purity with her faire pride.
And whether that my Angell be turnde feend,
Suſpect I may (yet not directly tell:
For being both to me: both, to each friend,
I gheſſe one Angell in anothers hell:
The truth I ſhall not know, but liue in doubt,
Till my bad Angell fire my good one out.

DId not the heauenly Rhetorike of thine eie,
Gainſt whom the world could not hold argumẽt,
Perſwade my hart to this falſe periurie:
Vowes for thee broke deſerue not puniſhment.
A woman I forſwore: but I will proue
Thou being a Goddeſſe, I forſwore not thee:
My vow was earthly, thou a heauenly loue,
Thy grace being gainde, cures all diſgrace in me.
My vow was breath, and breath a vapor is,
Then thou faire Sun, that on this earth doth ſhine,
Exhale this vapor vow, in thee it is:
If broken, then it is no fault of mine.
If by me broke, what foole is not ſo wiſe
To breake an Oath, to win a Paradiſe?

SWeet Cytherea, ſitting by a Brooke,
With young Adonis, louely, freſh and greene,
Did court the Lad with many a louely looke,
Such lookes as none could looke but beauties queen.
She told him ſtories, to delight his eares:
She ſhew'd him fauors, to allure his eie:
To win his hart, ſhe toucht him here and there,
Touches ſo ſoft ſtill conquer chaſtitie.
But whether vnripe yeares did want conceit,
Or he refuſde to take her figured proffer,
The tender nibler would not touch the bait,
But ſmile, and ieaſt, at euery gentle offer:
Then fell ſhe on her backe, faire queen, & toward
He roſe and ran away, ah foole too froward.

IF Loue make me forſworn, how ſhal I ſwere to loue?
O, neuer faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed:
Though to my ſelfe forſworn, to thee Ile conſtant proue,
thoſe thoghts to me like Okes, to thee like Oſiers bowed,
Studdy his byas leaues, and makes his booke thine eies,
where all thoſe pleaſures liue, that Art can comprehend:
If knowledge be the marke, to know thee ſhall ſuffice:
Wel learned is that toung that well can thee commend,
All ignorant that ſoule, that ſees thee without wonder,
Which is to me ſome praiſe, that I thy parts admyre:
Thine eye Ioues lightning ſeems, thy voice his dreadfull
which (not to anger bent) is muſick & ſweet fire (thunder
Celeſtiall as thou art, O, do not loue that wrong:
To ſing heauens praiſe, with ſuch an earthly toung.

SCarſe had the Sunne dride vp the dewy morne,
And ſcarſe the heard gone to the hedge for ſhade:
When Cytherea (all in Loue forlorne)
A longing tariance for Adonis made
Vnder an Oſyer growing by a brooke,
A brooke, where Adon vſde to coole his ſpleene:
Hot was the day, ſhe hotter that did looke
For his approch, that often there had beene.
Anon he comes, and throwes his Mantle by,
And ſtood ſtarke naked on the brookes greene brim:
The Sunne look't on the world with glorious eie,
Yet not ſo wiſtly, as this Queene on him:
He ſpying her, bounſt in (whereas he ſtood)
Oh IOVE (quoth ſhe) why was not I a flood?

FAire is my loue, but not ſo faire as fickle.
Milde as a Doue, but neither true nor truſtie,
Brighter then glaſſe, and yet as glaſſe is brittle,
Softer then waxe, and yet as Iron ruſty:
A lilly pale, with damaske die to grace her,
None fairer, nor none falſer to deface her.

Her lips to mine how often hath ſhe ioyned,
Betweene each kiſſe her othes of true loue ſwearing:
How many tales to pleaſe me hath ſhe coyned,
Dreading my loue, the loſſe whereof ſtill fearing.
Yet in the mids of all her pure proteſtings,
Her faith, her othes, her teares, and all were ieaſtings.

She burnt with loue, as ſtraw with fire flameth,
She burnt out loue, as ſoone as ſtraw out burneth:
She fram d the loue, and yet ſhe foyl d the framing,
She bad loue laſt, and yet ſhe fell a turning.
Was this a louer, or a Letcher whether?
Bad in the beſt, though excellent in neither.

IF Muſicke and ſweet Poetrie agree,
As they muſt needs (the Siſter and the brother)
Then muſt the loue be great twixt thee and me,
Becauſe thou lou'ſt the one, and I the other.
Dowland to thee is deere, whoſe heauenly tuch
Vpon the Lute, doth rauiſh humane ſenſe:
Spenſer to me, whoſe deepe Conceit is ſuch,
As paſsing all conceit, needs no defence.
Thou lou'ſt to heare the ſweet melodious ſound,
That Phœbus Lute (the Queene of Muſicke) makes:
And I in deepe Delight am chiefly drownd,
When as himſelfe to ſinging he betakes.
One God is God of both (as Poets faine)
One Knight loues Both, and both in thee remaine.

FAire was the morne, when the faire Queene of loue,
Paler for ſorrow then her milke white Doue,
For Adons ſake, a youngſter proud and wilde,
Her ſtand ſhe takes vpon a ſteepe vp hill.
Anon Adonis comes with horne and hounds,
She ſilly Queene, with more then loues good will,
Forbad the boy he ſhould not paſſe thoſe grounds,
Once (quoth ſhe) did I ſee a faire ſweet youth
Here in theſe brakes, deepe wounded with a Boare,
Deepe in the thigh a ſpectacle of ruth,
See in my thigh (quoth ſhe) here was the ſore,
She ſhewed hers, he ſaw more wounds then one,
And bluſhing fled, and left her all alone.

SWeet Roſe, faire flower, vntimely pluckt, ſoon faded,
Pluckt in the bud, and vaded in the ſpring·
Bright orient pearle, alacke too timely ſhaded,
Faire creature kilde too ſoon by Deaths ſharpe ſting:
Like a greene plumbe that hangs vpon a tree:
And fals (through winde) before the fall ſhould be. 6

I weepe for thee, and yet no cauſe I haue, 7
For why: thou lefts me nothing in thy will·
And yet thou leits me more then I did craue,
For why: I craued nothing of thee ſtill: 10
O yes (deare friend I pardon craue of thee,
Thy diſcontent thou didſt bequeath to me.

VEnus with Adonis ſitting by her,
Vnder a Mirtle ſhade began to wooe him,
She told the youngling how god Mars did trie her,
And as he fell to her, ſhe fell to him.
Euen thus (quoth ſhe) the warlike god embrac't me:
And then ſhe clipt Adonis in her armes:
Euen thus (quoth ſhe) the warlike god vnlac't me,
As if the boy ſhould vſe like louing charmes:
Euen thus (quoth ſhe) he ſeized on my lippes,
And with her lips on his did act the ſeizure:
And as ſhe fetched breath, away he skips,
And would not take her meaning nor her pleaſure.
Ah, that I had my Lady at this bay:
To kiſſe and clip me till I run away.

Crabbed age and youth cannot liue together,
Youth is full of pleaſance, Age is full of care,
Youth like ſummer morne, Age like winter weather,
Youth like ſummer braue, Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of ſport, Ages breath is ſhort,
Youth is nimble, Age is lame
Youth is hot and bold, Age is weake and cold,
Youth is wild, and Age is tame.
Age I doe abhor thee, Youth I doe adore thee,
O my loue my loue is young:
Age I doe defie thee. Oh ſweet Shepheard hie thee:
For me thinks thou ſtaies too long.

BEauty is but a vaine and doubtfull good,
A ſhining gloſſe, that vadeth ſodainly,
A flower that dies, when firſt it gins to bud,
A brittle glaſſe, that's broken preſently.
A doubtfull good, a gloſſe, a glaſſe, a flower,
Loſt, vaded, broken, dead within an houre.

And as goods loſt, are ſeld or neuer found,
As vaded gloſſe no rubbing will refreſh:
As flowers dead, lie withered on the ground,
As broken glaſſe no ſymant can redreſſe.
So beauty blemiſht once, for euer loſt,
In ſpite of phiſicke, painting, paine and coſt.

Good night, good reſt, ah neither be my ſhare,
She bad good night, that kept my reſt away,
And daſt me to a cabben hangde with care:
To deſcant on the doubts of my decay.
Farewell (quoth ſhe) and come againe to morrow
Fare well I could not, for I ſupt with ſorrow.

Yet at my parting ſweetly did ſhe ſmile,
In ſcorne or friendſhip, nill I conſter whether:
'Tmay be ſhe ioyd to ieaſt at my exile,
'Tmay be againe, to make me wander thither.
Wander (, a word) for ſhadowes like my ſelfe,
As take the paine but cannot plucke the pelfe.

Lord

Lord how mine eies throw gazes to the Eaſt, 13
My hart doth charge the watch, the morning riſe
Doth ſcite each mouing ſcence from idle reſt,
Not daring truſt the office of mine eies.
While Philomela ſits and ſings, I ſit and mark,
And with her layes were tuned like the larke. 18

For ſhe doth welcome daylight with her ditte, 19
And driues away darke dreaming night:
The night ſo packt, I poſt vnto my pretty,
Hart hath his hope, and eies their wiſhed ſight, 22
Sorrow changd to ſolace, and ſolace mixt with ſorrow,
For why, ſhe ſigh't, and bad me come to morrow.

Were I with her, the night would poſt too ſoone,
But now are minutes added to the houres:
To ſpite me now, ech minute ſeemes an houre,
Yet not for me, ſhine ſun to ſuccour flowers.
Pack night, peep day, good day of night now borrow
Short night to night, and length thy ſelfe to morrow.

SONNETS

To ſundry notes of Muſicke.

AT LONDON
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1599.

IT was a Lordings daughter, the faireſt one of three
That liked of her maiſter, as well as well might be,
Till looking on an Engliſhman, the faireſt that eie could ſee,
Her fancie fell a turning.
Long was the combat doubtfull, that loue with loue did fight
To leaue the maiſter loueleſſe, or kill the gallant knight,
To put in practiſe either, alas it was a ſpite
Vnto the ſilly damſell.
But one muſt be refuſed, more mickle was the paine,
That nothing could be vſed, to turne them both to gaine,
For of the two the truſty knight was wounded with diſdaine,
Alas ſhe could not helpe it.
Thus art with armes contending, was victor of the day,
Which by a gift of learning, did beare the maid away,
Then lullaby the learned man hath got the Lady gay,
For now my ſong is ended.

ON a day (alacke the day)
Loue whoſe month was euer May·
Spied a bloſſome paſſing fair,
Playing in the wanton ayre,
Through the veluet leaues the wind
All vnſeene gan paſſage find,
That the louer (ſicke to death)
Wiſht himſelfe the heauens breath,
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe
Ayre, would I might triumph ſo
But (alas)my hand hath ſworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne,
Vow(alacke) for youth vnmeet,
Youth,ſo apt to pluck a ſweet,
Thou for whome Ioue would ſweare,
Iuno but an Ethiope were
And deny hymſelfe for Ioue
Turning mortall for thy Loue.

MY flocks feede not, my Ewes breed not,
My Rams ſpeed not, all is amis:
Loue is dying, Faithes defying,
Harts nenying, cauſer of this.
All my merry ligges are quite forgot,
All my Ladies loue is loſt (god wot)
Where her faith was firmely fixt in loue,
There a nay is plac t without remoue.
One ſilly croſſe, wrought all my loſſe,
O frowning fortune curſed fickle dame,
For now I ſee, inconſtancy,
More in wowen then in men remaine.

In blacke morne I, all feares ſcorne I,
Loue hath forlorne me, liuing in thrall:
Hart is bleeding, all helpe needing,
O cruell ſpeeding, fraughted with gall.
My ſhepheards pipe can ſound no deale,
My weathers bell rings doleſull knell,
My curtaile dogge that wont to haue plaid,
Plaies not at all but ſeemes afraid.
With ſighes ſo deepe, procures to weepe,
In howling wiſe, to ſee my doleſull plight,
How ſighes reſound through hartles ground
Like a thouſand vanquiſht men in blodie fight.

Cleare wels ſpring not, ſweete birds ſing not,
Greene plants bring not forth their die,
Heards ſtands weeping, flocks all ſleeping,
Nimphes blacke peeping fearefully:
All our pleaſure knowne to vs poore ſwaines:
All our merrie meetings on the plaines,
All our euening ſport from vs is fled,
All our loue is loſt, for loue is dead,
Farewell ſweet loue thy like nere was,
For a ſweet content the cauſe of all my woe,
Poore Coridon muſt liue alone,
Other helpe for him I ſee that there is none.

When as thine eye hath choſe the Dame,
And ſtalde the deare that thou ſhouldſt ſtrike,
Let reaſon rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy (party all might)
Take counſell of ſome wiſer head,
Neither too young, nor yet vnwed.

And when thou comſt thy tale to tell,
Smooth not thy toung with filed talke,
Leaſt ſhe ſome ſubtill practiſe ſmell,
A Cripple ſoone can finde a halt,
But plainly ſay thou louſt her well,
And ſet her perſon forth to ſale.

D

What though her frowning browes be bent
Her cloudy lookes will calme yer night,
And then too late ſhe will repent,
That thus diſſembled her delight.
And twice deſire yer it be day,
That which with ſcorne ſhe put away.

What though ſhe ſtriue to try her ſtrength,
And ban and braule, and ſay the nay:
Her feeble force will yeeld at length,
When craft hath taught her thus to ſay:
Had women beene ſo ſtrong as men
In faith you had not had it then.

And to her will frame all thy waïes,
Spare not to ſpend, and chiefly there,
Where thy deſart may merit praiſe
By ringing in thy Ladies eare,
The ſtrongeſt caſtle, tower and towne,
The golden bullet beats it downe.

Serue alwaies with aſſured truſt,
And in thy ſute be humble true,
Vnleſſe thy Lady proue vniuſt,
Preaſe neuer thou to chuſe a new:
When time ſhall ſerue, be thou not ſlacke,
To proffer though ſhe put thee back.

The wiles and guiles that women worke,
Diſſembled with an outward ſhew:
The tricks and toyes that in them lurke,
The Cock that treads thē ſhall not know,
Haue you not heard it ſaid full oft,
A Womans nay doth ſtand for nought.

Thinke Women ſtill to ſtriue with men,
To ſinne and neuer for to ſaint,
There is no heauen (by holy then)
When time with age ſhall them attaint,
Were kiſſes all the ioyes in bed,
One Woman would another wed.

But ſoft enough, too much I feare,
Leaſt that my miſtreſſe heare my ſong,
She will not ſtick to round me on th'are,
To teach my toung to be ſo long:
Yet will ſhe bluſh, here be it ſaid,
To heare her ſecrets ſo bewraid.

Liue with me and be my Loue,
And we will all the pleaſures proue
That hilles and vallies, dales and fields,
And all the craggy mountaines yeeld.

There will we ſit vpon the Rocks,
And ſee the Shepheards feed their flocks,
By ſhallow Riuers, by whoſe fals
Melodious birds ſing Madrigals.

There will I make thee a bed of Roſes,
With a thouſand fragrant poſes,
A cap of flowers, and a Kirtle
Imbrodered all with leaues of Mirtle.

A belt of ſtraw and Yuye buds,
With Corall Claſps and Amber ſtuds,
And if theſe pleaſures may thee moue,
Then liue with me, and be my Loue.

Loues anſwere.

IF that the World and Loue were young,
And truth in euery ſhepheards toung,
Theſe pretty pleaſures might me moue,
To liue with thee and be thy Loue.

AS it fell vpon a Day,
In the merry Month of May,
Sitting in a pleaſant ſhade,
Which a groue of Myrtles made,
Beaſtes did leape, and Birds did ſing,
Trees did grow, and Plants did ſpring.
Euery thing did baniſh mone,
Saue the Nightingale alone.
Shee (poore Bird) as all forlorne,
Leand her breaſt vp-till a thorne,
And there ſung the dolefulſt Ditty,
That to heare it was great Pitty,
Fie, fie, fie, now would ſhe cry
Teru, Teru, by and by:

That to heare her ſo complaine,
Scarce I could from teares refraine:
For her griefes ſo liuely ſhowne,
Made me thinke vpon mine owne.
Ah (thought I) thou mournſt in vaine,
None takes pitty on thy paine:
Senſleſſe Trees, they cannot heare thee,
Ruthleſſe Beares, they will not cheere thee.
King Pandion, he is dead:
All thy friends are lapt in Lead.
All thy fellow Birds doe ſing,
Careleſſe of thy ſorrowing.

Whilſt as fickle Fortune ſmilde,
Thou and I, were both beguild.
Euery one that flatters thee,
Is no friend in miſerie:
Words are eaſie, like the wind,
Faithfull friends are hard to find:
Euery man will be thy friend,
Whilſt thou haſt wherewith to ſpend:
But if ſtore of Crownes be ſcant,
No man will ſupply thy want
If that one be prodigall,
Bountifull they will him call:
And with ſuch-like flattering,
Pitty but he were a King.

If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him, they will intice.
If to Women hee be bent,
They haue at Commaundement.
But if Fortune once doe frowne,
Then farewell his great renowne:
They that fawnd on him before
Vſe his company no more.
Hee that is thy friend indeede,
Hee will helpe thee in thy neede:
If thou ſorrow, he will weepe:
If thou wake, hee cannot ſleepe:
Thus of euery griefe, in hart
Hee, with thee, doeth beare a part.
Theſe are certaine ſignes, to know
Faithfull friend, from flatt'ring foe.